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A WALK TO DARBY.**BY TOWNSEND WARD.**

It is not surprising that Mr. Watson, living as he did at Germantown, should have given more space, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," to the city itself, and to the country north of it, than to the region south and west, whose history consequently is much less understood. Reflecting on this I decided to walk the road to Darby, not doubting that the story of its past was well worth knowing. Such a walk, however, required the companionship of one well acquainted with the road, and with the names, at least, of the people living on it, and so with such a friend I set out on my pilgrimage. The notes taken at the time lay for eight years untouched, but have now been revised with considerable care.

In the colonial time distances were measured from the old Provincial Hall, that until 1837 stood in the middle of Market Street on the west side of Second. There, in early days, were the elections held; and there, too, was the place of meeting of the Provincial Councils. They sat in sight of that emblem of sovereignty, the Royal Arms of England, of the time of Queen Anne, for they bear her initials, and the motto peculiar to her alone of all the sovereigns of that mighty island. These arms escaped the fury of our Revolution, and now hang on the walls of our Historical Society. The site of the Hall was, therefore, the point from which we started, but before doing so we listened for a moment to the bells of old Christ Church chiming, as they did when in that distant time the vicinity of the old London Coffee House, at the southwest corner of Front and Market Streets, was the busiest scene in all the city. That ancient structure yet stands, but it is no longer the central point of the capital of Pennsylvania, as it was in the time of its proprietor, William Bradford. William

Penn's house, erected in 1683, is also standing, but at some distance back from the street, and concealed from view by houses built on the northern part of the lot. Access to the house was provided for by a passageway left between them, called Letitia Court. Going out Market, or High Street, as it was formerly called, we soon passed the site of the house, on the south side below Sixth Street, once the residence of Richard Penn, and where Sir William Howe had his quarters when the British occupied the city, and where, afterwards, Washington lived while President. But we must not anticipate, for there must needs be much of history connected with a street in which Penn and Franklin and Washington have lived.

In its former days disorderly and unruly persons must have greatly disturbed the street, for it is recorded that "William Hill, the Beadle of the city, had lately in a heat broke his bell, and had given out that he would no longer continue at the place." Sores as the tramps of the time provoked him, he, however, relented, and afterwards "expressed a great deal of sorrow, desiring to be continued during his good behaviour." Fairs were provided for, and they were opened with a proclamation that "All were to keep the King's peace, and that none were to presume to bear or carry any unlawful weapons to the terrour or annoyance of His Majesty's subjects, or to gallop or strain horses within the built parts of the city." This, no doubt, for a while, had its effect, and kept the street quiet, but not for any great length of time, as subsequently there is the appointment of Daniel Pellito as Public Whipper, at a salary of ten pounds per annum. It may be he was selected as a more efficient practitioner than his predecessors, and, perhaps, with a view to make the office of beadle an easier one. The whipping was performed at Second and Market Streets, and there, also, were to be seen the stocks and pillory. These were not agreeable objects in the sight of those who occasionally ornamented them, and so, on the first of October, 1726, they were burned by evil-minded persons. Of course they were soon rebuilt, and for many years continued to inspire terror to evil doers. A daughter of Dr.

Henry Paschall, Mrs. Mary P. Hopkins, whose protracted life closing near Paschallville in 1869 or 1870, at the great age of ninety-nine years and six months, connects that distant era with our own, often spoke of having seen a man in the stocks at that place. She would tell, too, of having seen her father shoot wild ducks at Fourth and Market Streets.

The "Great Meeting House of Friends," erected in 1695, was on the southwest corner of Second and High Streets. On the front of a house on the north side, just above Second Street, there was placed for the convenience of the people, a large sun-dial, that remained there until about forty years ago. The market houses, at the time that Silas Deane came here, 1775, were of the extent of about twelve hundred feet, situated along the middle of the street. They were gradually extended to Eighth Street, to be finally removed about 1860. Burton, the comedian, when he appeared before our audiences, sang of

"The Mint where they make money,
O lawk, what a pile;
And a market that reaches
For nearly a mile."

The three days' fairs of May and November, only abolished about 1787, made the street at times an enlivening and impressive scene; but it was from an early day a thoroughfare of note. Franklin, on his arrival here, entered it to buy his loaf of bread, and afterwards lived in it. In 1744, the Virginia Commissioners, and their Secretary, William Black, "took a turn to the Center House, where is a Billiard Table and Bowling Green," the date of whose disappearance, unfortunately, has not been recorded. It was here that Captain Scull was killed by Bruleman, formerly an officer in the British Army, who had gone out that day with the intention to shoot the first man he met, that he might be hung for it, in which he succeeded. The first happened to be Dr. Cadwalader, who so politely raised his hat to him that Bruleman was disarmed by the courtesy. In August, 1755, after Braddock's defeat, the regiments of Halket and Dunbar crossed the Schuylkill, and came down the street, mere shattered remnants, to find

in Philadelphia a welcome shelter. Dunbar proved anew the justice of his designation of "The Tardy," by not settling with his landlady; for the City Councils, two years afterwards, paid the Widow Howell her claim of twenty-five pounds for his board and lodging. Meanwhile the bones of the gallant Sir Peter Halket, of Pitfirrane, lay bleaching on the shores of the Monongahela, only to be accorded funeral rites when, in 1758, General Forbes, the "Head of Iron," as the Indians called him, proved successful where Braddock had failed, and gave to Fort Du Quesne the enduring name of one of England's greatest ministers. The army of Forbes was gathered in Philadelphia, and as his Royal Americans, under Bouquet, in their dark scarlet coats faced with blue, and the Highlanders in kilts and belted plaids, and the Pennsylvania Provincials in their fringed hunting shirts, passed westward up the street, to cross the river, and to sweep onward to victory, the scene must have gladdened the hearts so long made sad by the terrible defeat that had laid one-half of Pennsylvania open to the ravages of the relentless Indian foe. General Forbes returned in triumph, a short-lived triumph, however, for him, as a mortal disease, then wasting his form, soon terminated his life. He was buried in the chancel of Christ Church.

Passing on, we spoke of the time when Sir William Howe occupied the city, and of the 15th Regiment of the Royal Army being in quarters in Market Street in and about Fifth, and then of the post and rail fences, beginning, at the time when Philadelphia was the seat of the Federal Government, somewhere about Ninth Street; and of the feeble light of the old oil lamps, that hardly did more than make darkness visible. Feeble as their light was, the imagination seems to have been quite as much excited by the display, as in our time it can be by the more brilliant gaslights that now stretch for miles along the not wider, but vastly longer avenue. The novelist, of whom Philadelphia has such good reason to be proud, Charles Brockden Brown, in his *Arthur Mervyn*, a Tale of the Yellow Fever of 1793, brings his hero across the Upper Ferry, and then makes him say: "I adhered to the

crossways, till I reached Market Street. Night had fallen, and a triple row of lamps presented a spectacle enchanting and new. I reached the Market House, and entering it, indulged myself in new delight and new wonder. I need not remark that our ideas of magnificence and splendor are merely comparative; yet you may be prompted to smile when I tell you that, in walking through this avenue, I, for a moment, conceived myself transported to the hall 'pendant with many a row of starry lamps, and blazing cressets fed by naptha and asphaltos.' That this transition from my homely and quiet retreat had been effected in so few hours wore the aspect of miracle or magic."

When the war of the Revolution came, Market Street, no doubt, was often the theatre of striking scenes. Silas Deane writes to his wife on the 12th of May, 1775, "I seriously believe Pennsylvania will in one month, have more than twenty thousand disciplined troops ready to take the field. They exercise here twice every day, at five in the morning, and five in the afternoon, and are extremely well armed. . . . The Commons West of the city is every morning and afternoon full of troops and spectators of all ranks." Washington on his way to the ill-starred field of Brandywine, marched down Front Street to Chestnut, and thence out to "the common." From that place, the vicinity of Centre Square, he must have marched out this street, and crossed the Schuylkill at the Middle Ferry. Rochambeau's army of six thousand Frenchmen, in their beautiful uniform of white, though it passed out Vine Street, soon reached it, for they encamped at Centre Square, and, therefore, from that point, also marched along the western part of the street on their way to Yorktown. When the work of that army had been accomplished, the great procession in honor of the Federal Constitution passed the street westward from Fourth. Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, when they started on their equestrian tour of the West, rode along it to cross the Meneyackse, or the "Noisy Stream" the Ganshow-hanné, as some call the river now named the Schuylkill. The old "Water Works" which were once at Centre Square

were erected not long after the imaginary walk of Arthur Mervyn. In his time, too, the direct road to Gray's Ferry, no doubt, began there, but that part of it between the Centre Square and South or Cedar Street, was afterwards foolishly offered up as a sacrifice to our inconvenient and inelegant system of rectangular streets. Long after the time of Arthur Mervyn, indeed but fifty years ago, Indians were still occasionally to be seen in the street, clad in the picturesque costume of the forest. On these later visits, as they were no longer provided with quarters at the State House, which was the custom when Burnaby, the English traveller, wrote, they paid their way by earning such pennies as we might be persuaded to set upright in the crevices between the bricks in the pavement, by shooting at them with their bows and arrows. Such as they hit became theirs, and very few, indeed, were missed. The Squaw took up the pennies, but she was never encumbered by the papoose, for that she would hang to the bough of a tree. Lingering, even after the children of the forest had ceased their visits, were yet to be met survivors of those exiles, who coming here had escaped the guillotine of France. With a politeness not less pleasing than the excellent confectionery and lemonade they vended along the street, they won the esteem of all who knew them. Another stranger, too, should be remembered. It is Krimmel, the artist, who, in 1818, painted the really striking scene of the Fourth of July of that year, of Centre Square, that hangs in our Hall.

Our distance from the river Delaware is now a little more than one mile. Near here, at Fifteenth Street, in quite recent times, stood the Western Exchange, the western terminus of the old omnibus route. About three-fourths of a mile further on we come to the Schuylkill. The passage over the river at this point is ancient. The proprietary "granted the Old Ferry to Philip England," of whom complaint is soon made, for in 1685 he was ordered to expedite a sufficient ferry boat. On the first of July, 1700, the Provincial Council "Ordered yt ye Secrie give notice to Benj. Chambers & — powell, keepers of ye ferries over Schuylkill, yt they do not after Light is

shutt in, transport anie persons yt if not well known to you, or yt cannot give a good acco't of ymselves." In 1722, the City Council, having obtained authority therefor, from the Provincial Council, leased it for the term of twenty-one years to Aquila Rose, he to have a sufficient boat; and it was ordered that the street be at once laid out to the river. Rose was the poet, and the Clerk of the Assembly whose fine torch-light funeral, in 1723, is described in the verses of Samuel Keimer. In 1744 the lease of the ferry was to James Coultas, and afterwards, in 1755, to Evan Evans, and in 1756 to Joshua Byrne. In 1762 it was to Jonathan Humphries. James Coultas, in 1757, brings a charge of £12 against Council, for ferriage, in 1755, of Halket and Dunbar's regiments. In 1769 the Assembly appointed a committee to consider the matter of making the ferry free. The Council also appointed a committee on the subject, but it appears to have fallen through. In 1771 Joseph Coultas was the lessee.

It was at this ferry that one of the French officers who had joined the Revolutionary Army, Du Coudray, Inspector General of Ordnance, in attempting to cross the river, was drowned by his horse, on which he was mounted, leaping into the water just as they approached the western shore.

On the day of the battle of Germantown, October the 4th, three columns of Americans, with two field pieces, appeared on the western bank of the river, opposite this point, with the design to effect such a diversion as would prevent reinforcements being sent to the field of battle, but they came too late. A few shots were exchanged with some thirty English dragoons who were on the city side, and who at once sent for aid. The Continentals had one man wounded. The British works to protect the northern part of the city extended from Poplar Street wharf westward to the Schuylkill, where at Fair Mount, on the hill where the basin now is, was Redoubt No. 10. But the western approaches to the city were also to be guarded, and consequently the earthworks were extended southwardly from Fair Mount along the eastern side of the Schuylkill to a point south of the Middle Ferry, and this portion was protected by a redoubt, which, according to

Varlé's map, was at the intersection of 22d and Chestnut Streets. Major John Clark, Jr., who had been detailed by Washington to watch the operations of the English, wrote to his chief on the 3d of November, 1777, that "a refugee assured him they were preparing three bridges of boats with timber laid on them; and on the 8th that the enemy say their bridge will be complete by the following Tuesday." This was at the Middle Ferry, Market Street. Major Clark subsequently writes that it had draws in two places. Another of the bridges, as he writes, was at Gray's Ferry, also with a draw, and the third at Province Island. On the 18th "Five thousand of the enemy crossed from Philadelphia, at the Middle Ferry." On the 30th of December it was reported that as soon as they hauled their wood from the western side of the river, they would take up the bridge. This they, no doubt, did, for the only ordinary means of transit over the river until the end of the last century was a raft of logs, probably that made by General Putnam, moored to either side of the stream, and detached at one of its ends and floated up or down the current with the tide, to admit of the passage of such craft as challenged the right of way. It was kept in order, and its movements were regulated by a certain Joseph Ogden, and others who dwelt in what was known as the old Fish Tavern, near the northwest corner of Market and 30th Streets, still standing, and now occupied for offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The canal around the western end of the bridge, hardly ever used, and now forgotten, passed by this house.

By 1801, however, trade had so increased in amount, that the city fathers determined to erect a more substantial structure, and during that year was built the well-known bridge styled "Permanent." The monument to its constructors, situated at the eastern end, is yet remembered. It now stands to the north, within the inclosure of the Gas Works. Mr. Joseph Swift Keen, the oldest living resident of West Philadelphia, whose memory recalls days when he attended worship at Christ Church with President Washington, witnessed the putting of the pieces together, on ground on the north

side of Market Street near the river, purchased by the municipal authorities as a site for a Yellow Fever Hospital, never erected for fear the farmers of neighboring counties might decline to pass it with their very indispensable provender. The timber for it was selected in adjoining forests with exquisite judgment, and gave evidence of its excellent quality under the ruthless blows of modern axes in the day of demolition. It was covered, and lay on arches of unequal height, causing an elevation in the middle. On the same piles and abutments, founded on rock most solidly at a time when coffer-dams were not so readily kept free of water as recent devices render possible, was built a second bridge, suited for car-travel, whose magnificent conflagration constituted the grandest *feu d'artifice* set off in our city during the Centennial season. And now stands the third, a wonder of twenty days' construction, to be accomplished only through mechanics of this decade, and the energetic will of such Presidents of railroad companies as he who ordered the framing of it. The importance of the first of these bridges may be very truly estimated by attending to Edmund Burke's pertinent statement in his *European Settlements*, in 1757. In speaking of the great wealth of Pennsylvania, he says: "Besides the quantity of all kinds of the produce of this Province, which is brought down the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill . . . the Dutch employ between eight and nine thousand wagons, drawn each by four horses, in bringing the product of their farms to this market." These wagons were large, but when the bridge came to be erected there soon appeared those huge structures, the Conestoga wagons, not inaptly called the Indian-men of the road. Gathering as they sometimes did, in hundreds along Market Street, they presented a scene to be found nowhere else on earth, unless, indeed, the assemblage of some vast caravan in Asia might be likened thereto. With their six and eight mammoth horses, surmounted with bells, these wagons were so imposing in their appearance, that, on their disuse, when the railroad and canal were built, an innkeeper in Somerset County told the writer of this, that "Philadelphia

was ruined. No railroad," said he, "can carry the freight the old Conestogas did."

We are now beyond the Schuylkill, and to the right is what once was Powelton. The ample mansion house erected by John Hare Powel had become the residence of the late E. Spencer Miller. Most of the western portion of the estate is covered with beautiful villas, while, however, much the greater part, even down to the water's edge, is used by the Pennsylvania Railroad for its vast business. Market Street, here formerly called Conestoga Road, in its course nearly due west, extends to the county line at 63d Street, a distance of about five and a half miles from the Delaware River. An account of the survey of that part of it west of the Schuylkill, may be found in the minutes of the Provincial Council, Nov. 23, 1741. It ought to be mentioned here, that extending along Market Street from 42d to 49th Street, and northwardly to the Haverford Avenue, are the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane. On this place is the house of Paul Busti, an Italian gentleman, who was agent of the Holland Land Company. His house is now occupied by Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride. At 32d Street the Lancaster Turnpike leaves Market Street, trending rather northwardly, while the road to Darby leaves it obliquely, in a southwestwardly direction, which is continued with little deviation.

At the southeast corner of 32d and Market Streets stands the fine architectural monument of the season it commemorates, the new Centennial Bank. It replaces what was much the oldest house for miles around, an oddly-fashioned hip-roofed dwelling, in earlier days a home of farmers, and at the opening of this century a kindly hostelry. Ancient deeds speak of it as "The Mansion," and from that title was derived the first name of the street which passes by its former site. One other house in this vicinity is worthy of notice, that on the northeast corner of Mansion and Chestnut Streets, built in 1820 by an Englishman of eccentric tastes, lighted by Gothic windows, and adorned with parapetted roof in days of yore, from the dark shades of its coloring dubbed by neighbors "The Black Castle." For nearly fifty years it was

the residence of Mr. Keen, before referred to, who added to the garden an acre of ground, and planted it with flowers and fruit trees of domestic and foreign growth. But two witnesses of its earlier occupancy survive, one a noble English walnut tree now tending to decay, the other, still luxurious, a superb specimen of that kingly French pear, the St. Germain, imported for Mr. Keen by Colonel Carr, the successor of Bartram, and pronounced by connoisseurs to be the oldest and best of the variety in our land. At 34th and Locust Streets the imposing buildings of the University of Pennsylvania make their appearance. Its ample grounds, compared with its former contracted quarters, give room for the schools of art, of medicine, of law, and of mines, and also for the excellent hospital, so recently projected and well established. These grounds were the northern end of the Almshouse property, which now extends from the Darby Road to the Schuylkill, and southwardly to Woodlands Cemetery.

Inclosed by a high stone wall, and stretching for a great distance along the road to Darby, its eastern front washed by the Schuylkill, is that famous place the Woodlands. The first purchase of property here by the Hamiltons was about the year 1734. Later members of the family made subsequent purchases, and a part probably came from an intermarriage with a Till. The celebrated Andrew Hamilton, "Planter," who came from the Province of Maryland, and who soon rose to great eminence in the profession of the law, was a man of varied powers, and of fine taste, too, as may be judged from the fact that he furnished the designs, and entirely carried out the construction of the venerable, and even yet imposing building, the State House, thus rivalling that other amateur architect, Dr. Kearsley, who designed Christ Church. At one time Hamilton visited New York to defend, as he did with success, John Peter Zenger, in the libel case, so well known to every lawyer. He had offered to go "without fee or reward, under the weight of many years and great infirmities of body," to be the advocate of the great cause of civil liberty. Conceiving the same line of argument that Erskine adopted half a century afterwards, it can well be

understood how his successful conduct of this case at once obtained for him a celebrity that has never been lost, and earned for him such admiration on the part of the people of New York, that their public authorities voted him the freedom of the town in a gold box, still prized by his descendants. A graceful memoir of him was written by the late J. Francis Fisher. His portrait, a fine copy by Wertmuller, is among the treasures of the gallery of our Historical Society. James Hamilton, a son, was twice Governor of this Province under the Penns. A portrait of him, after West, in a rich court dress, also adorns our Hall. Another son, Andrew the second, who married Miss Till, was the father of William Hamilton of the Woodlands, which estate in the time of the latter included the Almshouse property, and extended far to the west of the Darby Road. The full extent reached to six hundred acres, all of which was to the south of Market Street, except that the northeastern corner, when near the river, bordered on Marshall's Road, which was seventy feet north of Market Street. The whole tract was north of the present line of Maylands-ville. The country seat proper comprised the present Woodlands, extending no further down the river than to the present boundary, for Gray's property then included the land lying between Gray's Ferry Road and the cemetery. The fine mansion house, erected about the time of the Revolution, to replace the first one, yet stands, and is looked upon with interest by all who pass the place.

The Woodlands was one of the most noted seats in the Province. The entrance to it was by a gateway flanked by imposing lodges. Its ample grounds and beautiful gardens, abounding in rare and foreign trees, and luscious fruits and exquisite flowers, attracted the attention of the cultivated of all the Colonies and States, and never did such come to Philadelphia without a visit to it. A little prior to the Revolutionary War the property fell by inheritance to William Hamilton. This gentleman's brother Andrew, the third of the name, had some years previously married Miss Abigail Franks, a sister of the celebrated Miss Rebecca Franks, who once encountered General Charles Lee in a contest of wit, for

which she was not less distinguished than for her beauty. She married Lt.-Col. Henry Johnson, the British officer who was surprised by Wayne at Stony Point. She accompanied him on his return to England, where in time he inherited his father's estate and baronetcy, becoming also a General, and where they both lived until near 1830. General Winfield Scott, in his autobiography, gives an account of his visit to this lady. In the year 1781 it happened that Miss Rebecca Franks was in New York, and at Flat Bush, whence she wrote to her sister at the Woodlands a letter that never reached its destination, for it was intercepted, and fell into the hands of the American Commissary of Prisoners, Col. Thomas Bradford. The papers of this gentleman ultimately came into the possession of our Society, and were, for the first time, examined about the year 1855, when at last did this, the most sprightly and graphic letter of the era of the Revolution, see the light. In it she speaks of Mr. Hamilton's Thursday Parties at the Woodlands, and gives a striking picture of New York society.

During the years of Revolutionary trouble, William Hamilton led the agreeable life of a country gentleman at his hospitable mansion. He had served for a while in the army at the beginning of the war, opposing the unconstitutional acts of the Ministry, but when separation from the mother country was aimed at, he shrank from a step to which neither inclination nor ambition impelled him. He did not, however, escape the suspicion that his heart inclined to a government of which he had nothing to complain; or perhaps there were patriots who believed they could grace as well as he did so fine a property; and so, under the charge that he had held intercourse with officers of the invading army, he was tried on a charge of treason, but was acquitted. After the close of the war he made the tour of Europe, and he did so with the advantages of an easy manner, a good taste well cultivated, and a thorough knowledge of society. When in England, his full-length portrait on a canvas, containing also that of his niece, Miss Ann Hamilton, was executed by Benjamin West, and is one of the best of the productions of that artist. It attracts the

attention of all who visit the Hall of the Historical Society. The place Mr. Hamilton loved was not forgotten by him, for abroad he gathered for and sent to it rare plants and flowers. The Lombardy Poplar was one of the trees that he obtained, but it was only the male, that tall tapering tree that for so many years was so great a favorite in all the surrounding country. It seemed like a freak of poetic justice to bring it here, that it might sympathize with that other unfortunate, the Weeping Willow, of which, strangely enough, we have in this country only the female. Two noble specimens of the female Ginko, or Salisburia, a tree from Japan, undoubtedly the first introduced here, are to be seen, and also numerous specimens of the Magnolia, for which the place was especially noted. About twenty years ago there was another Ginko, but on the very night of the arrival in this city of the first Japanese Embassy, it was struck by lightning.

Near the city in which is situated the Society entrusted with Michaux's bequest, intended for fostering his favorite pursuit, and where his *Sylva of North America* has twice been published, and where, too, the valuable continuation by Nuttall, who long lived here, made its appearance, it was but natural there should have been an unusual fondness for arboriculture; and no doubt these scientific men were drawn hither by the fame that justly crowned the earnest labors of Bartram and Marshall, with both of whom Mr. Hamilton had frequent intercourse. Michaux, for a time, was in his service. A natural style of landscape gardening, that had then so recently been the product of a healthy English taste, found an apt pupil in Mr. Hamilton. The Woodlands, therefore, soon became noted as the best example of it that this country possessed, and it may almost be claimed that it had no superior in England. The lesson of the labor has not been lost, for when but a youth the late J. Francis Fisher was a frequent and cherished visitor at the Woodlands, and was so deeply impressed by the charming scenes presented there, that he became a devoted student of such effects. In his after years on the beautiful grounds of Alvethorpe, he consummated a collection of trees, displayed with a taste and judgment that can

nowhere be excelled. Others, too, have been lured to the same pursuit. Mr. Eli K. Price has brought about the Michaux Grove of Oaks, in the Park, to the northwest of Horticultural Hall, and on every Saturday in the season, Mr. Joseph T. Rothrock, Professor of Botany in the University of Pennsylvania, delivers a public lecture there. In connection with Mr. Fisher it ought also to be mentioned that his tastes led him, boy as he was, to appreciate in some degree the great value of the manuscripts stored at the Woodlands, but his modesty led him to shrink from accepting a gift of all of them. Those he did accept are of inestimable value in our early history, as may be judged from one that occupies a conspicuous place in our Hall—the original of the Instructions of Penn to his Commissioners for Settling the Colony in 1681.

The trees that adorned the Woodlands were not only fine specimens, but they were arranged with rare and skilful art as to the effects to be produced. Walks unexpectedly ended where, as one stood, the vision beyond was through a square or oval opening of leaves, that seemed a picture frame, so nicely were the boughs trimmed with the view to secure the charming vistas afforded by the beautiful Schuylkill. It was not alone in trees, however, that the place excelled. Professor Benjamin Smith Barton, of the University, by the courteous permission of the owner, would, after the winter lectures were ended, take his class there, as was long remembered by the late Dr. Samuel Jackson, who seventy years ago listened to his lectures on botany, illustrated by the exotics and other plants in the well-filled green-houses.

With the lapse of years all of the name of Hamilton passed away. The family, however, was represented among us through the female line by the late Mrs. Hartman Kuhn and Mrs. Henry Becket. It is yet remembered that the number of books at the Woodlands was large and of unusual excellence, while the numerous paintings were of remarkable beauty and of considerable value; Benjamin West aided in their selection. The fine furniture of the drawing rooms once adorned those of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Mirrors with frames of cut glass are not forgotten, nor still

other mirrors set in the doors of communicating rooms. The establishment was quite a full one; the grand coach had its four horses, and Riley, the English coachman, is yet held to have been, by those who have seen him, the grandest whip of his day. The requirements of the coach of state were not, however, at the expense of horses designed for other uses, for the stables were always filled. Nor was the train of servants more restricted in its numbers. Every household duty was well performed, yet there was no lack of a nice care that dependants should have every privilege consistent with their position, and the success in life of Pursh the florist, and of McArran, who were gardeners there, no less than that of the humble, but most worthy colored man, the late Stephen Purnell, present a striking evidence that perhaps the best possible education to be had is that acquired in the service of a competent master.

In 1804, Mr. Hamilton laid out on a goodly part of his estate the beautiful suburb of our city still called by residents of West Philadelphia Hamiltonville. In pursuance of Penn's design he disposed the streets at right angles to each other, and gave them names drawn from those of his family. Walnut Street continued he styled Andrew, Chestnut James, and the cross streets he called William, Mary, Margaretta, and Till. In a few years several houses were erected by French emigrants, who had come to our country to escape the perils of revolution which so sorely distracted their native land; and these were followed, presently, by citizens of Philadelphia desirous of the enjoyments of country homes. By provision of Mr. Hamilton ground was assigned for educational uses on the south side of Chestnut Street between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth, where a school-house was constructed when the need of it was felt, a building which served also as a village hall and a place of worship for divers sects. A similar lot, just back of this, on the north side of Walnut Street, was granted to Presbyterians, and a church edifice was erected by them at that spot. In 1824, through the zeal of three staunch churchmen, Messrs. Joseph S. Keen, Chandler Price, and Christian Wiltberger, all West Philadelphians, was built the

Protestant Episcopal church on Locust Street, named St. Mary's in conformity with Mr. Hamilton's request. Since then other churches and other schools, other homes and other halls have arisen where fifty years ago were field and forest, and to-day a very city of inhabitants reside on the estate of Hamilton. In the contemplation of such changes, wrought within remembrance, even of the comparatively youthful, let us pause in our endeavor to revive thoughts of the past. Let us once more enter the gates of Woodland, and avoiding the sad emblems which replace the tokens of gay life of former occupants, repose ourselves upon the sward overlooking the Schuylkill, awaiting the sunset, and planning a brisk renewal of our walk to Darby another day.